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WEEKLY



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FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 9.

THE ABBEY OF
CLUNEDALE.

A Tale.

The last rays of the setting sun yet lingered on the mountains, which surrounded the district of —— when Edward de Courtenay, after two campaigns on the plains of Flanders, in one of which the gallant Sidney fell, re-entered his native village toward the end of August 1587. He had lost his father a few months before his departure from the continent, a loss which had occasioned him the most severe affliction, and had induced him thus early in life to seek amid the din of arms, and the splendor of military parade, a pause from painful recollection. Time, however, though it had mitigated the first poignant emotions of grief, had not subdued the tender feelings of regret and sorrow, and the well known objects of his early childhood and his opening youth, associated as they were with the salutary precepts and fond affection of the best of parents, awakened in his mind a train of melancholy, yet soothing thoughts, as with slow and pausing steps he moved along the venera-

ble avenue of trees, which led to his paternal mansion. Twilight had by this time wrapt every object in a veil of pleasing obscurity; all was hushed in the softest repose, and the massiness of the foliage under which he passed, and the magnitude and solitary grandeur of his Gothic hall, impressed the imagination of Edward with deep sensations of solemnity and awe. Two grey-headed servants, who had lived for near half a century in the family, received their young master at the gate, and while the tears trickled down their withered cheeks, expressed with artless simplicity their joy, and blessed the return of the son of their ancient benefactor.

After some affectionate enquiries concerning the neighbouring villagers, and the families of these old men, Edward expressed his intention of walking to the abbey of Clunedale, which lay about a mile distant from the house; his filial affection, the pensive retrospect of events endeared to memory, the sweetnes and tranquility of the evening, and that enthusiasm so congenial to the best emotions of the heart, gave birth to the wish of lingering a few moments

over the turf which covered the remains of his beloved parent. Scarce, however, had he intimated this resolution, when the ghastly paleness which overspread the countenances of his domestics, and the dismay that sat upon their features, assured him that something extraordinary was connected with the determination he had adopted, and upon enquiry, his terrified servants informed him, though with some confusion and reluctance, that, for some months past, they and the country round had been alarmed by strange sights and noises at the abbey, and that no one durst approach the place after sunset. Edward, smiling at the superstitious fears of his attendants, which he attributed solely to their ignorance, and their love for the marvellous, assured them he entertained no apprehension for the event, and that he hoped shortly to convince them that their alarm was altogether unfounded. Saying this, he turned into the great avenue, and striking off to the left, soon reached the river, on whose winding banks a pathway led to the abbey.

This venerable structure had been surrendered to the rapacity of Henry VIII. in 1540, and having been partly unroofed during the same year, had experienced a rapid decay. It continued, however, along with the sacred ground adjoining, to be a depository for the dead, and part of the family of the Courtenays had for some cen-

turies reposed in vaults built on the outside of the great west entrance of the church. In a spot adjacent to this ancient cemetery lay also the remains of the father of Edward, and hither filial piety was now conducting the young warrior, as the gathering shades of evening dropped their deep grey tints on all around.

The solemn stillness of the air; the tremulous and uncertain light through which every object appeared; the soothing murmur of the water, whose distant track could be discovered only by the white vapour which hovered on its surface, together with the sedate and sweeping movement of the melancholy owl, as it sailed slowly and conspicuously down the valley, had all a natural tendency to induce a state of mind more than usually susceptible of awful impressions. Over Edward, predisposed to serious reflection by the sacred purport of his visit, they exerted a powerful dominion, and he entered the precincts of the abbey in deep meditation on the possibility of the re-appearance of the departed.

The view of the abbey too, dismantled and falling fast to decay, presented an image of departed greatness admirably calculated to awaken recollection of the mutability and transient nature of all human possessions. Its fine Gothic windows and arches streaming with ivy, were only just percepti-

ble through the dusk as Edward reached the consecrated ground, where, kneeling down at the tomb of his father, he remained for some time absorbed in the tender indulgence of sorrow. Having closed, however, his pious petitions for the soul of the deceased, he was rising from the hallowed mould, and about to retrace his pathway homewards, when a dim light glimmering from amid the ruins, arrested his attention. Greatly astonished at a phenomenon so singular, and suddenly calling to remembrance the ghastly appearance and fearful reports made by his servants, he stood for some moments riveted to the spot, with his eyes fixed on the light, which still continued to gleam steadily, though faintly, from the same quarter. Determined, however, to ascertain from what it proceeded, and almost ashamed of the childish apprehensions he had betrayed, he cautiously, and without making the least noise, approached the west entrance of the church; here the light however appeared to issue from the choir, which being at a considerable distance, and toward the other end of the building, he glided along its exterior, and passing the refectory and chapter-house, re-entered the church by the south portal near the choir. With footsteps light as the air he moved along the damp and mouldered pavement, while pale rays gleaming from afar, faintly glanced on the shafts of some pillars seen in distant per-

spective down the great aisle. Having now entered the choir, he could distinctly perceive the place from whence the light proceeded, and on approaching still nearer, dimly distinguished a human form kneeling opposite to it. Not an accent, however, reached his ear, and, except the rustling noise occasioned by the flight of some night-birds along remote parts of the ruin, a deep and awful silence prevailed.

The curiosity of Courtenay being now strongly excited, though mingled with some degree of apprehension and wonder, he determined to ascertain, if possible, who the stranger was, and from what motives he visited, at so unusual an hour, a place so solitary and deserted; passing therefore noiseless along one of the side isles, separated from the choir by a kind of elegant lattice work, he at length stood parallel with the spot where the figure was situated, and had a perfect side view of the object of his search. It appeared to be a middle aged man, who was kneeling on a white marble slab near the great altar, and before a small niche in the screen, which divides the choir from the east end of the church; in the niche was placed a lamp and crucifix; he had round him a coarse black garment bound with a leathern girdle, but no covering on his head, and as the light gleamed upon his features, Edward was shocked at the despair that seemed fixed in their expres-

sion ; his hands were clasped together, his eyes turned toward heaven, and heavy and convulsive sighs at intervals escaped from his bosom, while the breeze of night, lifting at times his disorder'd hair, added peculiar wildness to a countenance which though elegantly moulded, was of ghastly paleness, and had a sternness and severity in its aspect and every now and then displayed such an acute sense of conscious guilt, as chilled the beholder, and almost suppressed the rising emotions of pity. Edward who had impatiently witnessed this extraordinary scene, was about to address the unhappy man, when groans, as from a spirit in torture, and which seemed to rend the very bosom from which they issued prevented his intention, and he beheld the miserable stranger prostrate in agony on the marble. In a few minutes, however, he arose, and drawing from beneath his garment an unsheathed sword, held it stretched in his hands toward heaven, while his countenance assumed still deeper marks of horror, and his eyes glared with the lightning of frenzy. At this instant, when apprehensive of the event, Edward deemed it highly necessary to interfere, and when stepping forward with that view, his purpose was suddenly arrested by the sound of distant music, which stealing along the remote parts of the abbey, in notes that breathed a soothing and delicious

harmony, seemed the work of enchantment or to arise from the viewless harps of spirits of the blest. Over the agitated soul of the stranger it appeared to diffuse the balm of peace ; his features became less rigid and stern, his eyes assumed a milder expression; he crossed his arms in meek submission on his bosom, and as the tones, now swelling with the richest melody of heaven, now tremulously dying away in accents of the most ravishing sweetness, approached still nearer, the tears started in his eyes, and coursing down his cheeks, bathed the deadly instrument, yet gleaming in his grasp ; this however, with a heavy sigh, he now placed in a niche, and bowing gently forward, seemed to pray devoutly ; the convulsions which had shaken his frame ceased ; tranquility sat upon his brow, while in strains that melted into holy rapture every harsh emotion, the same celestial music still passed along the air, and filled the compass of the abbey. —

Courtenay, whose every faculty had been nearly absorbed through the influence of this unseen minstrelsy, had yet witnessed with sincere pleasure the favourable change in the mind and countenance of the stranger, who still knelt before the lamp, by whose pale light he beheld a perfect resignation to tranquillise those features, which a few minutes before had been distorted by the struggles of remorse ; for such had

been the soothing and salutary effects of harmony in allaying the perturbations of a wounded and self-accusing spirit, that hope now cheered the bosom so recently the mansion of despair.

(*To be Continued.*)

From the Desk of Poor Robert the Scribe.

'Though now so cheap, the thing I fear,
Will prove abominably dear.'

There is a wonderful magic in the word **CHEAP**. The news that a merchant has got some articles very low, sets the whole neighborhood agog. No matter whether the thing is wanted or not—it must be bought. And the worth of many a good plantation is squandered in the purchase of things, useless as the fifth wheel to a coach, merely because they are cheap.

My aunt Eunice, whose wisdom is of the best kind, for it is wisdom of experience, used often to warn us of the folly of buying things because they were cheap. In her younger days it was her province to tend the dairy, and every fish cheese was her own perquisite. She had got an hundred weight, and as John Cartright had attended her home two Sunday nights running, from singing school, and absolutely had pressed her hand a little, as he bid her good night, she had no doubt but John intended to make love to her. Not knowing

when he might pop the question, she resolved to be in some state of preparation. So to market she went with her cheese intending with the avails to lay in some little necessary articles against an emergency.

New-York from Applebury lies s. s. w. two days journey when the roads are good. Aunt Eunice had never been to the city before; but had often heard of the amazing cheapness of things there. Her cheese yielding her in good silver money, two pounds ten shillings, to a farthing. Who so happy as she. Methinks I see her now, tripping along Broadway; her cheeks ruddier than a pear-main; her hair dressed in the fashion of those days, with a high commode, a little one side looking so jaunty. Then her stays were laced unusually tight, showing a waist slender as the cream-churn. Her stockings were of her own knitting and whiter than the lily; her high heeled shoes gave her an air of lightness and majesty. As memory rolls back the wheels of time, & opens to my ken the scenes of youth, other objects, in mingled light and shade, rise to my view. I see all glowing with health and beauty, the smile of one, whose smile was life and love. The song that cheered my boy-hood reverberates on memory's ear. But the form of beauty is lost in darkness her voice is hushed in the tomb. There too beloved aunt, and thou old Robert, must here long mingle

your dust with hers ; your hearts that still beat so cheerly, become still and cold as the clods of the valley. Ye who have loved *** but whither do I wander.

From shop to shop my aunt roved. A new thimble—bright as silver, cost but six-pence, and she bought it. Fans, ribbons, trinkets and gew-gaws, which her judgment did not approve, she still purchased because they came so very low. She was not aware how fast her money wasted. When a little tired of running, and sated with novelties, she returned to her lodgings, and sat down to count her cash, how great was her disappointment, to find more than three fourths of it squandered on things of no value ! Poor girl ! she could not purchase half the articles she had deemed indispensable ! She would sometimes tell the story herself, but did not like very well to be told of it. But being half in love and having of course an itch for scribbling poetry, she wrote an essay on the subject from which my motto is extracted.

When I see men leaving their business and crowding to a *venue*, when there is not a single article to be sold, they really want—but wasting their time, drinking and bidding, because things go cheap:

When I see a young woman changing her tow cloth for a parasol instead of a petticoat, or a six-dollar bonnet instead of a bed-tick, I would give a pinch of my best rappee, if some kind friend would whisper them—

Tho' now so cheap, the things I fear,
Will in the end prove monstrous dear,

But of all *cheap* things that in the end prove *dear*, razors and school-masters are the most abominable. One will mangle your face——the other will mangle the education and morals of your children. In too many neighborhoods, the **price** and not the qualifications, of a master, is looked at. For the difference of three dollars a month, a man of sense and learning will be displaced to make way for a booby.

Listen to old Robert. The future usefulness and destiny to your children, depend in a great measure, on their education and early habits. Their education and their morals depend greatly on their tutors. If the school-master be illiterate and vicious, how can he impart knowledge and virtue to your children ? A man of learning will not——cannot devote his time and talents for little or nothing. No man deserves a liberal support, better than a good school-master. When therefore a man offers to teach your children cheap, suspect him. A child will learn more in one quarter at a good than in *two* at a poor school. It is cheaper therefore in the end to give a good school master 25 dollars a month, than a poor one 15 dollars, for you save half the time.

AFHORISM.

Advice—There is nothing of which we are so liberal of as of advice.

From the FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE.

ADELROSA DI VALMONTE.

Adelrosa was descended from one of the noblest families of Tuscany. Her mother had long been dead, but her father, the Marchese di Valmonte, amply supplied the deficiency, and was at once a vigilant guardian and an affectionate friend. Nature had bestowed on Adelrosa every grace both of mind and person: education had rendered her almost faultless. She had hardly attained her eighteenth year, when Mr. Bentick, an English gentleman, who was strongly recommended to the Marchese, became an inmate of the palazzo di Valmonte. This gentleman was no less elegant and accomplished than Adelrosa; and a mutual affection had taken root in the hearts of both before they were conscious of it. Mortimer Bentick, however, soon feeling his happiness entirely dependent on Adelrosa, acquainted her with his passion, entreating her permission to endeavour to obtain the concurrence of the Marchese. Adelrosa, then first sensible of her love, owned that she returned his passion, and hastily retired. Scarcely had she left him, when the pleasures she had just felt were converted into grief, for she recollects the difference of religion. She had been educated in the Roman Catholic persuasion, and she would have thought it a crime, even to listen to any argument against it.

On the other hand she knew that Mortimer was no less firmly attached to the Protestant religion; and if he were to promise that both should continue the form of worship of their own country, what should she not endure at the thought of bestowing her affections on one whom her religion commanded her to believe would be eternally wretched? Shuddering at the prospect of parting from her lover, and feeling that all her earthly happiness was wrapped up in him, she resolved to consecrate her life to the exercise of that religion to which she was so inviolably attached, and, quitting Italy, to take the veil at the convent of St. Clair in Languedoc. With trembling steps she sought her father, and imparted her sorrows to him. He strove to combat her resolution, but, finding her immovably fixed, he consented to assist her in escaping: since, if she openly left the palazzo, it would be impossible to avoid a parting with Bentick. Not without extreme grief did her father think of loosing her, yet his affection overpowered his regret, and he yielded to her entreaties. She therefore determined to escape the following night, when there was to be a masked ball at the palazzo, and trusting her design to her confessor, who applauded her heroic resolution, she prevailed on him to promise that he would wait for her at the extremity of the gardens with a carriage to conduct her to Leghorn, secure her passage to Marseilles, whence

she might easily reach the convent, and himself return to his monastery before break of day. The following night Adelrosa habited herself as a Savoyard peasant, hoping in that dress to escape observation. When the appointed hour arrived, she hastened to the end of the gardens, and there found the monk waiting her approach. When she entered the carriage she gave way to a violent burst of tears which after a time subsided into a deep melancholy. They reached Leghona in about three hours, and in one more Adelrosa, still in the habit of a peasant, found herself on board a vessel bound for Marseilles. When she was missed at the palazzo, the grief of Mortimer was unbounded, and the Marchese, though inwardly applauding his daughter's firmness, so deeply felt the loss of her constant attention and tender love, that he fell into a deep melancholy, which in a short time terminated his existence. He first however, enjoined Mortimer, who with a son's affection waited on him in his last moments, to return to England, and endeavour to forget Adelrosa. He determined to devote a year to the search of her and if his enquiries proved fruitless, to return at the end of that period to his native country. He executed his design, and failing in his search, went back to England. In the mean time Adelrosa had taken the veil, and even the consciousness of doing her duty could not save her from the hor-

rors attendant on the prospect of spending the remainder of her existence in hopeless solitude. A long and mournful space of time had elapsed without the slightest variation in her monotonous life, when a novice who was the following day to take the veil, seemed to promise some alleviation of her state. Adelrosa was young, and still eminently beautiful; but regret for her Mortimer had blighted the rose of her cheek, and illness had worn almost to a skeleton her once perfect form. Her health daily declined, and at times her intellects seemed disordered by her sorrow. The evening preceding the day when the novice was to bury herself in a cloister, Adelrosa sat at her window mournfully watching the waves of the Mediterranean tipped with the red light of the setting sun. "As these waters," said she, "are now sparkling with radiance, so were my prospects once enlivened by hope; but all is past." Here Adelrosa paused and wept. She recalled to her mind her sad destiny, and felt no comfort but from the hope that Mortimer still cherished her memory, and was constant to her idea, though the reality was lost to him forever. She continued wrapt in mournful reverie till she was summoned to vespers. When she returned to her cell, she tried to sleep, but an unusual gloom opprest her, a painful presentiment of she knew not what misfortune. Morning came, and she repaired with the

nuns to the chapel. Before the ceremony began, while the spectators were beginning to assemble near the altar, the choral song was raised. Adelrosa's voice, marked by mild yet sweet sadness, was, higher than the rest, and she was prolonging a note of peculiar harmon, when a loud groan drew her attention to the strangers who were in the chapel. She uttered a loud shriek, and fell fainting into the arms of her companions. They carried her from the confined gallery where she then was to the open part of the chapel, and Mortimer, for it was indeed he who had uttered the groan at the sound of Adelrosa's voice, and whose appearance had caused her swoon, rushed from the place where he was standing, and in the most frantic terms implored her to awake. She opened her eyes, and turning them on Mortimer, faintly uttered, "Farewell! Since you are constant I die content! Farewell!" then sank into his arms and expired. - "Ah no my love," exclaimed the distracted. Mortimer, "I am not constant!" He said no more, but rushing wildly from the chapel, flew to his lodgings, and firing one of his traveling pistols at his head, sunk lifeless on the ground.

He had married on his return to England an amiable & beautiful woman, whom he esteemed, though he still in secret loved none but Adelrosa. Her idea perpetually haunted him, and he had come

abroad, with his wife, ostensibly for the purpose of recovering his health, but really with the faint, & scarcely to himself confess hope, of meeting by accident with his Adelrosa.

Thus perished, by an untimely fate, Adelrosa di Valmonte, the sacrifice of enthusiasm, and Mortimer Bentinck, the unfortunate but criminal victim of romantic affection.

THE HINT—No. XVII.

The following letter having been sent to us by one of that class, which, on account of the number, at least, is so truly respectable, we have thought proper to give it a passport to the public eye, in this day's Hint. We shall not now deny the justness of the writers' remarks, nor do we pledge ourselves to give unlimited support to his sentiments; but after a diligent investigation of the subject, shall declare our opinion in the next succeeding number. E.

—Varium et mutabile semper,
Femina, —————— Viz.
Woman is a capricious being, ever
changing:
Woman is like a weather-cock in a gale
of wind.

LINKUM FIDELIUS.

MR. HINTER,

I belong to that class of men who are frequently aspersed, and courted, ridiculed and caressed, I mean old bachelors. We have a high regard for the fair sex in general, but forbear to point out in-

stances of particular excellence. Such instances I formerly believed to exist, as you will perceive in the sequel of my observations, and therefore I hope none of those unmated ladies denominated old maids, will censure us for celibacy, when they hear the causes which have produced it.

I have been told that among the many cures for love, marriage is the most effectual. Whether this is true or not, I cannot determine, but there are others which I have found to be efficacious. Rousseau says, that when those who have loved, cease to be lovers, they are ashamed of ever having been attached to each other. And I am not sensible of any proud elevation of mind in acknowledging that I have been under its influence.

The first lady of whom I became enamoured, was not beautiful, and therefore I did not expect to find in her either caprice or vanity. I thought she possessed an angelic mind highly accomplished, and manners distinguished by their elegance and delicacy. The love of admiration, is no stranger to a woman's heart. Poetry, history, astronomy, chemistry, philosophy and politics, were the constant subjects of her conversation. She wished to gain admiration for her knowledge and science, but alas! she was a woman. The tendrils of friendship could twine around the heart, where the moral and social

feelings slumbered; love dared not approach the warmth of her laboratory and I left with a quiet and cured heart the first object of its fondness.

The next who engaged my affection was beautiful and vivacious, imparting gaiety and lustre wherever she appeared. Her thoughts bright and luminous, were uttered with the rapidity of lightning. She sighed for conquests, and advocated something to which she gave the name of independance of character; this is the liberty of rudely contradicting the opinions of others, and with little delicacy, of manners or feeling advocating her own.

A coquet, she wished to be beloved; a wit to be admired and feared; a woman of mental independance, to be regarded as the heroine of her sex. If Apollo, in throwing a dart at the noblest of animals should chance to wound a toad or a grass-hopper, we may suppose, that he would regard the circumstance without exultation.— But unlike Apollo, every wound made by her beauty, in whatever object, she noticed with evident pleasure. Her friendships never endure; she must therefore soon cease to have friends.

I left her regretting that beauty should be so guided by caprice, and talents so diverted from the attainment of excellence. With less sanguine expectations, I became the admiration of a lady

beautiful and affectionate, but vain of her charms, possessing a weak mind and at the same moment benevolent and mercenary. Suddenly raised by fortune from obscurity, she always regarded the means of her elevation with particular complacency.

Well versed in novels, she adopted as an article of her creed, that her lover must appear in a chariot, with the splended equipage of a "three tailed bashaw," or of a new-coined French nobleman; ignorant, or incapable of mental recreation, she sought happiness in the gratification of vanity, and was deemed, perhaps, the most graceful at the ball, and the most perfect beauty at the Theatre.

Her heart, however, possessed many amiable qualities; but a fashionable education, by giving a fashionable bias to her mind, almost obliterated them. The affection she excited was not of long continuance, as I could not be convinced that happiness could be found were she was most inclined to seek it nor permanently enjoyed without an accomplished mind, an amiable disposition, and a virtuous heart.—This, Sir is the history of my youthful amours, and I offer it as the apology of an OLD BACHELOR.

EXTRACT.

From Dr. Moore's 'Travels, in Italy.'

If the observations I have been able to make in the human char-

acter are well founded, there are certain considerations, which never entirely lose their influence on the minds of men, even when they are in the height of passion. I do not mean that there are not instances of men being thrown into such paroxysms of fury, as totally deprive them of reflection, and make them act like madmen, without any regard to consequences; but extraordinary instances, which depend on peculiarities of constitution, and very singular circumstances cannot destroy the force of any observation which generally speaking is found just. We every day see men, who have the character of being of the most ungovernable tempers, who are apt to fly into violent fits of passion upon the most trivials occasions, yet, in the midst of all their rage, and when they seem to be entirely blinded by fury, are still capable of making distinctions; which plainly evince that they are not so very much blinded by anger, as they would seem to be. When people are subject to violent fits of choler, and to an unrestrained licence of words and actions, only in the company of those, who from their unfortunate situation in life, are obliged to bear such abuse, it is a plain proof that considerations with regard to their own personal safety, have some influence on their mind, in the midst of their fury, and instruct them to be *ad certo ratione modoque*.

This is frequently unknown to the choleric people themselves,

while it is fully evident to every person of observation around them. What violent fits of passion do some men indulge themselves in against their slaves and servants, which they always impute to the ungovernable natures of their tempers, of which however, they display the most perfect command upon much greater provocations, given by their superiors, equals or by any set of people that are not obliged to bear their ill-humor.— How often do we see men who are agreeable, cheerful, polite & good tempered to the world in general, gloomy peevish and passionate to their wives and children? When you happen to be a witness to any instance of unprovoked domestic rage into which they have allowed themselves to be transported, they will very probably lament their misfortune in having more ungovernable tempers than the rest of mankind. But if a man does not speak and act with the same degree of violence on an equal provocation, without considering whether it comes from *superior, equal or defendant*, he plainly shews that he can govern his temper, and that his doing it on particular occasions, proceeds from the basest and most despicable of motives.

I remember when I was on the continent with the English army, having seen an officer beat a soldier most unmercifully with his cane: I was standing with some officers all of whom seemed to be filled with indignation at this mean

exercise of power. When the person who had performed the intrepid exploit came to join the circle, he plainly perceived marks of disapprobation in every countenance; for which reason he thought it necessary to apologize for what he had done. 'Nothing' says he provokes me so much as a fellow looking saucily when I speak to him. I have told that man so fifty times; yet, on my reprimanding him, just now, for having one of the buttons of his waistcoat broken, he looked saucily full in my face, which threw me into such a passion that I could not help threshing him. However I am sorry for it, because he has the character of being an honest man, and has always done his duty as a soldier, very well.' How much continued he 'are those people to be envied who have a full command of their tempers!' No man can command it more perfectly than yourself said one of the officers.

'I often endeavour to do it' replied the choleric man 'but always find it out of my power. I have not philosophy enough to check the violence of my temper, when once I am provoked. You certainly do yourself injustice sir,' said the officer 'no person seems to have their passions under better discipline. With your brother officers I never saw you, in a single instance, break through the rules of decorum, or allow your anger to overcome your politeness to them.' They never provoked me, said the

passionate man. 'Provoke you ! rejoiced the others yes, sir, often, and in a much greater degree than the poor soldier. Do not I at this moment give you ten thousand times more provocation, than he, or any of the unfortunate men under your command, when you are so apt to beat and abuse, ever did !—and yet you seem perfectly master of your temper.' There was no way left by which the choleric man could prove the contrary, except be knocking the other down ; but that was a method of convincing his antagonist which he did not think proper to use. A more intrepid man in the same predicament, would perhaps have had recourse to that expedient ; but in general, mankind are able, even in the violence of passion, to estimate in some measure the risk they run, and guide themselves accordingly.

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, December 21 1811.

"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times.

Fatal Shipwreck.—The Brig Success, Tobias Lear Porter, master, belonging to Messrs. J. & S. White, of this town, 84 days from St. Petersburg, on Wednesday evening last struck on the Bank Rock, Marshfield beach, by which accident the captain, mate and four seamen perished, two only being saved. The names of those lost besides the master, are Mr. John Nicholas, of this town, mate ; Peter Union, Jon. Chappell, Wm. Brooks, and Giles Pike of Marblehead,

seamen. Capt. Porter was son of the rev. Nathaniel Porter, of Conway, (N. H.) a clergyman much respected for his learning, and venerable for his age and piety.

It appears that on the approach of night, the wind blowing fresh at the eastward, capt. Porter consulted his mate on the expediency of running in for the land, they being very short of water, having but about 3 gallons on board, and as they supposed they knew their situation, (having spoken a vessel out for the land that day) on mutual deliberation concluded to run in ; sounded several times in the evening until they shoaled the water to 17 fathoms. Concluding they were on the northern shore they hauled off to the southward; shortly after they sounded and had 40 fathom water ; continued their course to the southward until nearly 8 o'clock, P. M. when they saw breakers, and immediately wore ship and stood off—directly after which she struck. After beating for two hours she bilged and filled the cabin with water ; the mate and people then left the cabin (except the two that were saved) and went forward and lashed themselves, the bows being then quite out of water ; some time after the bows settled away in the cavity of the rocks, when all those lashed forward were drowned ; the captain continued about the decks doing every thing in his power for the preservation of the whole until after 3 o'clock, A. M. ; he then called to the people that were holding on the combings of the companion-way, and asked if they were alive ; they answered, though the water was nearly up to their mouths ; in a few moments he was heard no more. His body was taken up, together with those of the mate and people, that morning, and on the following Sabbath were carried into the meeting house, where a sermon adapted to the occasion was preached to a large concourse of people

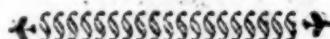
by the rev. Mr. Shaw, from Prov. xxvii.

1. " *Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth;*" when the bodies were interred.

[*Salem Gaz.*]

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

A pamphlet, entitled, *Truth, in Simplicity, or, a pursuit after her.*—Being reflections on hearing a Sermon, on Universal Salvation. Lately preached in this city.



Married.

On Thursday the 12th inst. by the rev. Thomas Lyell, Mr. Richard S. Williams (of the house of Mott and Williams) to Miss Amy Nostrand, both of this city.

At Monmouth, (N. J.) on Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Woodhull, Mr. John De Bow, of this city, to Miss Ann Laird, daughter of William Laird, Esq. of the former place.

In New Jersey, P. Dickson, to Miss Hetty Paradise; Samuel Hill, to Miss Mary Higgins.

On Tuesday evening last, by the rev. Dr. Milledoller; Mr. James Horn, to Miss Mary B. Thurston, daughter of Benjamin Thurston, esq. all of this city.

At Schenectady, Stephen R. Warren, to Miss Mary Givens.

Near Charleston Leonard Richards, to Elizabeth Vance, both of Newark.

Near Charleston, Isaac Delayer, to Miss Rhoda Crane, both of Newark.

At Brooklyn, Daniel Smith, to Miss Eliza Jerolomen.

Died.

On the 12th inst. of a lingering illness, Peter R. Maverick, in the 57th year of his age.

At Schenectady, James Murdock, esq. a most worthy citizen.

At Newark, Joseph Roberts—At Philadelphia, Thomas Miles, a native of Ireland

On Wednesday evening last, Mrs. Catharine Barry, of a lingering illness, which she bore with christian patience.

On Sunday evening last, of a lingering consumption, Henry Hardenbrook, in the 37th year of his age.

On Tuesday last, of a lingering illness Mrs. Sarah Sparks, wife of Mr. John Sparks, in the 54th year of her age.

In the Mississippi Territory, John M. Collum, of Trenton.

At Annwell, New Jersey, D. Stockton—At Trenton, Daniel Clark, aged 50.

In Upper Louisiana, Otha Shrader, esq. one of the Judges of the Supreme Court.

At Natches Mrs. Sarah Fortian, daughter of the rev. Dr. Woodhull, of Freehold N. Jersey.

At Richmond, Casper Fisher; and Mrs. Poe of the Theatre.

On Wednesday last, in the 24th year of his age Mr. Abraham Ten Broock, of Albany, son of Dirck Ten Broock, esq.

On Saturday night last, Mr. Benjamin Jacobs, formerly of Surinam, aged 74 years.

At Sunbury, Evan Reese Evans, esq. attorney at law.



"Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate."
For the Lady's Miscellany.

The following piece was some short time past refused an insertion—but in order that our readers may be gratified with seeing to what sublimity poetry may be carried—we give it verbatim from the original.

The compliment intended to be paid to the object is reflected upon the literary talents of the accomplish'd author,

N.

CROSTIC.

Pleasant is thy countenance and fair
How shall I describe or compare
Ever shall my tongue proclaim
By them unborn ringlets my hart is slain
Even thy blue eyes so mildly sweet
The dimples resting on thy roseys cheeks
Remember I will not forget my taste
Encluding thy majestic size and slender
waste
Deep I sigh then cry depart
While love hangs heavy on my aching
heart
Entangled and entwined in bliss
Love from thee alone can cure me miss
Loveliest girl as I think though art
from thy charms must I depart

EXTEMPORE REFLECTIONS ON WAR.

Hark! hear the horrid din of war.
Behold the frightful cannon's roar!

Destructive thunders roll around,
And bloody corses strew the ground;
Mankind, allied by ties of blood,
Each other drown the crimson flood;
Their nervous arms with glittering steel,
"Prey on a thousand at a meal."
In Piteous Shrieks and dying groans,
The life departing vents its moans;
And many youth both gay and blithe,
Are fell'd by Death's unsparing sythe.

The thund'ring cannons rattle round,
And wives and children hear the sound;
In vain they anxious, beg their stay,
The drum commands their haste away;
No mercy, no compassion there,
The summons comes,—they disappear.

Oh! that proud man would wisdom
learn,
And cast rebellions weapons down;
And under Jesus' banner fight,
Trusting in his all conquering might.
The victory they would surely gain,
And *Everlasting Life Obtain.*

EZBON.

The following beautiful verses were repeated at a meeting of the *Belfast Harp Society*, where some blind children supported and instructed in music by their bounty, made their appearance.—They are the production of Miss Ballfour from whose pen we have not had the happiness of seeing any thing before. If she be a young lady If this be an early blossom we congratulate our country on the prospect afforded of a rich fruitage.—If she be advanced in years, we sincerely regret that her talents have remained so long in obscurity.

London paper.
The harp, that in darkness and silence
forsaken,
Had slumber'd while ages roll'd slowly
along;
Once more in its own native land shall
awaken,

And pour from its chords all the raptures of song.

Unhurt by the mildews that o'er it were stealing,
Its strings in full chorus shall warble sublime ;
Shall rouse all the ardour of patriot feeling,
And snatch a bright wreath from the relics of Time.

Sweet Harp ! on some tale of past sorrow while dwelling,
Still plaintive and sad breathes the murmuring sound ;
The bright sparkling tear of fond sympathy swelling,
Shall freshen the Shamrock that twine thee around.

Sweet Harp ! o'er thy tones, tho' with fervent devotion,
We mingle a patriot smile with a tear ;
Not fainter the smile, not less pure the emotion,
That wait on the cause which assemble us here.

Behold where the child of affliction and sorrow,
Whose eyes never gaz'd on the splendour of light ;
Is taught from thy trembling vibration to borrow,
One mild ray of joy, midst the horror of night.

No more shall he wander unknown and neglected,
From winter's loud tempests a shelter to find ;
No more a sad outcast, forlorn and dejected,
Shall poverty add to the woes of the blind.

Oh shades of our fathers, now awfully bending,
To witness those blessings we seek to impart ;

Behold how the glory of Erin is bending,

With feelings the sweetest that spring from the heart.

Still, still these emotions together uniting,

Let the Harp ever sound o'er the Emerald Isle,

And its tones the soft tear of compassion exciting,

Still teach by its magic the sightless to smile.

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